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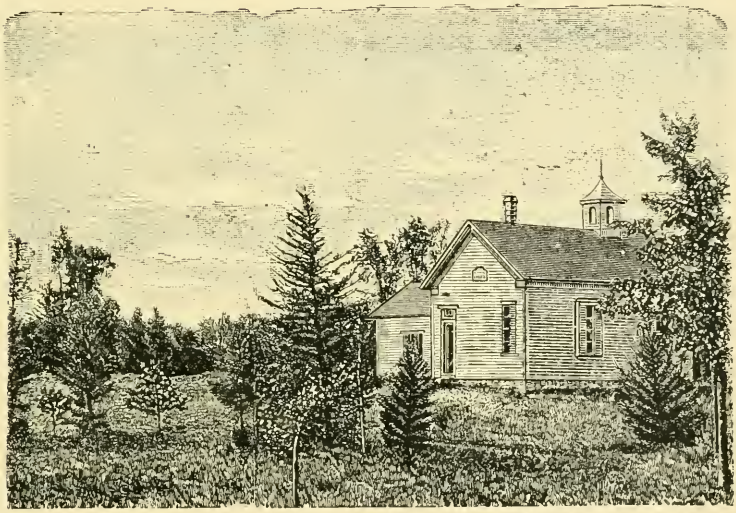
ARBOR-DAY PROGRAMME.



MAY 1, 1896.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,
  The time of harvest shall be given;
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
  If not on earth, at last in Heaven.

—Whittier.

ARBOR-DAY,

1896

FELLOW TEACHERS:

In the preparation of the accompanying programme for the observance of "Arbor Day" in 1896 I have had in mind mainly this thought—the beautifying of the schoolhouse by the use of those means which nature so bountifully provides.

We are beginning to appreciate the value of the right environment in the education of the child. This factor includes not merely his intellectual atmosphere, but everything that ministers to any part of his being. Attention is now paid, as never before, to the hygienic conditions of school buildings, not alone for their bearing upon the physical welfare of the pupils, but because of their influence upon their moral natures. Just so, the general appearance and condition of the schoolhouse, both within and without, act directly and positively upon the pupils, awakening in them pleasurable and uplifting emotions, or the reverse, as the case may be. How sensitive children are to their surroundings, we hardly realize. It is certain that we cannot be too particular in this matter to see to it first, that, so far as in us lies, every objectionable feature shall be removed from the sacred precincts of the school premises; and second, that as many desirable features as possible shall be added thereto.

Nothing which offends the most acute sense of neatness and delicacy should be allowed a place upon the premises. Order and cleanliness should become the unwritten, and hence irrevocable, law of every school. Amid such surroundings and in such an atmosphere lessons of purity of thought and speech take root readily, spring up quickly, and thrive naturally Many schoolrooms within show the effects of such a purpose on the part of the teacher, but without give no sign. It is first of all for the school grounds that I wish to enter a plea at this time. The village school and the district schoolhouse should be conspicuous for the beauty of their surroundings. The old notions that any place will do for a schoolhouse site, that there is no room about a schoolhouse for flowers and shrubs, that all effort to render it attractive is wasted, that children are natural vandals and must be given over to the unrestrained control of their natures, are beginning to give place to truer and better ideas about the child and of the manner in which to train him.

Much is said and written about making "home" attractive. It is all true and none too much can be said in that direction; but it is all equally applicable to the *school* home, where so large a part of the positive training and developing of the child is carried on.

Every schoolhouse should be associated in the child's mind with pleasant memories; it should always suggest to him ways and means for making his own life richer in enjoyment of God's blessings, of making his own home a more attractive and self-satisfying spot

To this end, then, let us this year inaugurate a series of activities that will, if continued, transform the most barren and forbidding school grounds into a centre of pleasure and delight.

Let all school yards be cleared up, freed from all loose stones and rubbish of every kind. If trees are abundant let them be carefully trimmed and, if necessary, thinned out, so that the sunshine may fall directly upon the house. Where trees are lacking, begin the planting upon a definite plan, taking care to leave a memorandum of the plan when you leave the school. All outbuildings upon the premises should be screened by groups of trees and shrubs. Where the location of the building upon the lot will permit it, the approaches to the house should be through a green sward by means of paths well laid out and neatly kept. Flowers and shrubs should be interspersed according to the local conditions.

In many localities the school yard is large enough to afford space for an arboretum, where may be brought together specimens of the trees that are native to the town or State. The study of botany can be made a subject of engrossing interest in connection with the school garden. Arbor Day stands for a closer connection between nature and the daily life of the people. It is designed to teach us that her ministries are not alone to our material needs, but to the spiritual and æsthetic as well.

In the work thus outlined it is, of course, expected that the pupils will be interested, and that a large share of it shall be done by them. Develop in them the "home" instinct and arouse a just pride in it and in all that tends to make it beautiful and attractive. Through the children their parents can probably be induced to contribute time and labor towards the consummation of the desired end, and when attention is thus once directed to the school it will be apt to return again and again. Let no teacher, however unpromising her situation may be, fail to make an effort to improve it; neither let the fact that her stay is likely to be but brief deter her from putting forth her energies. She must remember that, as of old, "one soweth and another reapeth," and she may very possibly reap the good fruits of another's labors. If *each* teacher will take up the task and *do* something, the grand total will be such a revolution of public sentiment in this matter as this State has never seen.

TO THE PUPILS:

I have written to your teachers some things about the schoolhouse and the adjoining grounds. I have now a few words for you. The schoolhouse is the place to which, in future years, you will look back with feelings either of satisfaction or of regret, according to the use you shall have made of its opportunities. The first thing is to become interested in it; in its appearance, in its care and preservation, in its improvement; to realize that in a sense it is *yours*—*yours* to enjoy, to use, to protect, and to transmit to those who are to come after you. To that end you will second every endeavor of your teachers and render all the aid possible in carrying out their plans. The few years of your life devoted to school, if spent in this way, will never cease to contribute a rich harvest of pleasant memories, and each return of your thoughts to the old spot will be an inspiration and a blessing.

With this and each succeeding Arbor Day let there be a distinct and decided improvement effected in or about the *school home*; make it the brightest, cheeriest place in the town or district.

I shall be very glad if the boys and girls in the various schools throughout the State will arrange to send me an account of what they did on Arbor Day this year. Let some one be chosen or selected in each school who shall write and tell me all about the celebration. I am sure I shall learn much more about what was actually done than I can in any other way; and I shall hope to hear from all parts of the State, and from every grade of school.

THOMAS B. STOCKWELL,
Commissioner of Public Schools.

HOW TO BEAUTIFY THE SCHOOL GROUNDS.

Something besides trees is needed to give the school grounds their highest beauty. It is proper that we should begin with trees, because these require more time for development than other plants, but now that very many of our schools have made a fine beginning in tree planting, it is time that some improvements be commenced upon the lawn. A fine, smooth turf upon the part of the ground not needed for sports, with a flower bed or two in sheltered places, will add very much to the beauty of the school premises and will give much quicker returns for the labor expended than wili the trees.

If the soil of the school ground is naturally poor and dry, a liberal dressing of fine manure will be needed before it can support a fine, luxuriant turf. In most cases manuring is desirable.

The location of the flower beds should be governed somewhat by the grounds. No flowers will grow well in entire shade, nor very near trees. They may be planted near the schoolhouse, but not so near that the rain dripping fom the roof will injure the beds by washing out the soil. The beds should be long and narrow rather than square, that they may be more easily cared for. Something will be needed to enclose them, or the edges will be worn away by the rains and the care. The stones that have been used for playhouses may be placed close together, side by side, making a bed about four feet long and two feet wide for each kind of flower seed to be sown. Or very pretty beds may be made by simply cutting out the sod just the size wanted for the bed. Either is prettier than beds formed with boards and is durable. Sod is not good for the sides because the grass will soon encroach upon the plants. If stones are used the sod must be carefully cut out. The beds must be filled with good mellow soil. If the schoolhouse is near the woods the older boys can borrow a wheelbarrow and spade and wheel three or four loads of leaf mold to fill them. Sod may be cut out near the roadside and the soil taken from there. It will not be quite as good as the leaf mold and will require a little more work to prepare it for the seeds, because it will have to be fine and perfectly free from lumps.

The following flowers are suitable because they are easy of cultivation, and they will give better returns for the labor and care than many others :—Pansies, verbenas, asters (dwarf varieties), nasturtiums (dwarf varieties), mignonette, and sweet peas. One mixed package of each kind will afford all the plants needed.

The beds should be made smooth and level It is better to sow the pansy seeds in the bed on the east side of the schoolhouse. Pansies like light but not too much sun ; the seeds must be very lightly covered and never allowed to get dry after sowing. because the tiny germ is so delicate that it will die if the soil gets dry.

The flowers will be finer if the plants are set six or eight inches apart ; if they come up too thickly, they may be easily transplanted. The soil should be kept well stirred and free from weeds, and probably before the spring term closes, the little buds that look like poke-bonnets will appear, and the queer little faces will look up as though thanking the sower for giving them a chance to grow.

The sweet peas will come up sooner if soaked in a dish of water for a few hours before sowing. Plant them about six inches deep, one row on each side of the bed. A support will be needed for the plants and it can be made as soon as they come up, and when they put out their little tendrils (their hands) there will be something for them to cling to. Get four sticks about one inch square and about four feet long ; drive one down, about four inches, in each corner of the bed ; get a stout piece of cord and tie to the tops of the sticks lengthways, then drive down

small sticks, five or six inches in length, near the plants, tying twine on the top of the sticks and to the stout cord. This will make a cheap support for the vines and is something you can make yourselves.

Nasturtium seeds ought to be sowed about one inch deep. They will do well on poor, rocky soil. The other seeds must be sowed and cared for much the same as the pansies, except that they must be sowed a little deeper.

There may not be many flowers before the spring term closes, but if the plants are taken good care of they will grow large and fine and will give a great many flowers during the fall term. The pansies will blossom until the ground freezes and, if cut back in the spring, will give flowers all through the spring term.

A bed on the north side of the schoolhouse or under the shade of some tree, planted out with hardy ferns from the woodlands, would help to make the collection complete.

If there are large trees growing in the grounds, it will be well to plant a few vines of the Virginia creeper about them. These will soon climb far up among the spreading branches, adorning them with bright green leaves all through the summer, and glorifying them as autumn approaches with brilliant festoons of richest scarlet.

—*E. S. Goff, Wisconsin.*

THE BEST TREES AND VINES.

Trees best adapted for successful culture are the elm, maple, linden, ash, birch, beech, dogwood, pines, spruces, some of the willows, some of the poplars, a tulip tree, horse-chestnut, catalpa, laburnum, and oak.

The *shrubs* which seem best adapted to ornamentation are the deutzia, hydrangea, spirea, wiegela, privet, arbor vitæ, flowering cherry, flowering plum, and hawthorn.

Among our best and hardiest *vines* are the clematis, the bitter sweet, wistaria, trumpet vine, honeysuckle, morning glory, Virginia creeper, and ampelopsis veitchii.

The best plants for bedding purposes seem to be pansies, verbenas, geranium, coleuses, centaurea, and hybrid roses.

Beautiful beds may be formed by planting seeds of the portulaca, pansies, verbenas, zinnias, asters, dahlias, petunias, chrysanthemums, nasturtiums, balsams, phlox, sweet William, and seeds of other well-known plants.

—*Dr. W. J. Milne, Albany (N. Y.) Normal School.*

Arbor Day will make the country visibly more beautiful every year. Every little community, every school district will contribute to the good work. The schoolhouse will gradually become an ornament, as it is already the great benefit, of the village, and the children will be put in the way of living upon more friendly and intelligent terms with the bountiful nature which is so friendly to us.

—*George William Curtis.*

To own a bit of ground, to scratch it with a hoe, to plant seeds and watch their renewal of life,—this is the commonest delight of the race, the most satisfactory thing one can do.

—*Warner.*

PROGRAMME

I. Song.—Like Glad Birds of Springtime.

II. Scripture Selection.

"For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;"

"The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;"

"The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell."

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad * *; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

"It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice, even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God."

"For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations."

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

"Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders."

"He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into water-springs."

"And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation;"

"And sow the fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase."

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee."

"Blessed be the Lord for evermore. Amen, and amen."

III. Song.—Welcome to Arbor Day.

IV. Reading of the Proclamation of the Governor.

V. a. Recitation.—Arbor Day.

b. Readings or Essays on Uses of Arbor Day, How to Beautify the School Grounds, What to Plant, or such other subjects as the day may suggest.

ARBOR DAY.

The silence of winter is broken
By sounds that belong to spring;
The brook's soft murmur is token
Of stir of each sleeping thing.

New songs from bird throats are swelling,
New gladness is on each face,
For all the dear children are telling
How our land may be filled with grace.

The air is alive with their singing,
And flowers come up to hear;
Their tiny sweet bells they are ringing,
'Tis a time of great joy and cheer.

Do you ask what the children are doing?
I'll tell you 'Tis Arbor Day,
And the growth of our trees they're renewing
By planting along the way

New trees and shrubs, that, unfolding,
When other spring days shall appear,
Will gladden our eyes, as, beholding,
We watch the new life of the year.

. . . . . .

O happy co-workers, we greet you,
And wish you a merry day;
May joy and success often meet you,
As you walk upon life's highway.

—*F. A. I. R., Journal of Education.*

VI. Song.—We Greet Thee, Merry Spring Time.

VII. Class Exercise.

CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS.

CHORUS: We are the little flowers,
Coming with the spring;
If you listen closely
Sometimes you'll hear us sing.

The Honeysuckle (Red):

I am the honeysuckle,
With my drooping head;
And early in the spring time
I don my dress of red.
I grow in quiet woodlands,
Beneath some budding tree;
So when you take a ramble
Just look for me.

CHORUS: We are the little flowers, etc.

The Dandelion (Yellow):

I am the dandelion,
Yellow as you see;
And when the children see me
They shout for glee.
I grow by every wayside,
And when I've had my day—
I spread my wings so silvery
And fly away.

CHORUS: We are the little flowers, etc.

The Nasturtium (Orange):

I am the gay nasturtium,
I bloom in gardens fine,
Among the grander flowers
My slender stalk I twine.
Bright orange is my color—
The eyes of all to please—
I have a tube of honey
For all the bees.

CHORUS: We are the little flowers, etc.

The Fern (Green):

A fern the people call me,
I'm always clothed in green,
I live in every forest;
You've seen me oft I ween.
Sometimes I leave the shadow
To grow beside the way.
You'll see me as you pass
Some nice fine day.

CHORUS: We are the little flowers, etc.

The Forget-me-not (Blue):

When God made all the flowers,
He gave each one a name,
And, when the others all had gone,
A little blue one came.
And said in trembling whisper,
"My name has been forgot,"
Then the good Father called her
"Forget-me-not."

CHORUS: We are the little flowers, etc.

The Violet (Purple):

I am the little violet;
In my purple dress,
I hide myself so safely,
That you'd never guess
There was a flower so near you
Nestling at your feet;
And that's why I send you
My fragrance sweet.

CHORUS: We are the little flowers, etc.

—*Lucy Wheelock.*

FLORAL EMBLEMS.

Recitation for three girls, bearing or wearing colors—red, white, blue.

All. We tend the flowers of every hue,
But love the red, the white, the blue,
Red, white, and blue.
Their tender buds our hands unfold,
We sprinkle them with sunbeam's gold
And bathe them in the dew.

Red. I love the red. It is to me
Type of the justice, strong and free,
Which does our land unite.
Bloom on, sweet rose and poppy red,
Make glad each humble garden bed
With color warm and bright.

White. White are the blossoms of my care,
Symbols of purity. The fair;
Pale snowdrop of the spring,
The lily-bells that with faint chime
Make glad the early summer time,
To these my love I bring.

Blue. My favorites are clad in blue,
Deep-tinted, or the faintest hue
Ere seen in summer sky.
Emblems of truth are they. We greet
The bluebell and the violet sweet
That here in beauty lie.

—*Annie L. Willis.*

VIII. Song.—The Red, White, and Blue.

IX. Selections.—a. Shrubs.

Shrubs there are,
That at the call of Spring
Burst forth in blossomed fragrance; lilacs robed
In snow-white innocence or purple pride.

—*James Thomson.*

THE LILAC.

The sun shone warm, and the lilac said,
"I must hurry and get my table spread,
For if I am slow, and dinner is late,
My friends, the bees, will have to wait."

So delicate, lavender glass she brought,
And the daintiest china ever bought,
Purple tinted, and all complete,
And filled each cup with honey sweet.

"Dinner is ready!" Spring Wind cried,
And from hive and hiding, far and wide,
While the lilac laughed to see them come,
The little gray-jacketed bees came hum-m!

They sipped the syrup from every cell,
They nibbled at taffy and caramel;
Then, without being asked, said every bee,
"We'll be *very* happy to stay to tea."

—*Poetry of Flowerland.*

HAWTHORN.

Fair Hawthorn flowering,
With green shade bowering
Along the lovely shore;
To thy foot around
With his long arms wound
A wild vine has mantled thee o'er.

Gentle Hawthorn thrive
And forever live,
May'st thou blossom as now in thy prime
By the wind unbroke,
And the thunderstroke,
Unspoiled by the axe of time.

—*Poetry of Flowerland.*

b. Vines.

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

—*Dickens.*

THE WOODBINE.

Shakespeare says,—

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips, and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine."

THE HONEYSUCKLE.

This is the fragile horn
Whereon the bugler, breeze,
Blows fragrant calls at morn,
To summon forth the bees.

—*Poetry of Flowerland.*

MORNING GLORIES.

Deftly twisted, dainty spiral,
Drawing in the sunset glow,
Spreading it with softened tintings
O'er thy petals' face of snow;

Nodding in the gentle zephyrs,
Catching in thy half-lit cell
All the south wind's sweetest music
As from ocean old the shell;

Waiting, closed, until the moonlight
Yellow grows at touch of dawn,
When, untwisting, thou becomest
The full glory of the morn.

I half think that at their opening,
When those sunset colors show,
Then the south wind's treasured music
From each fairy horn doth flow.

And a man with worthy motives,
Listening much, and patient more,
Might receive sweet elfin concord
From the vine about the door.

—*W. G. Barton.*

c. Plants.

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see,—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For blue of stream, and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

—*Selected.*

THE PANSIES.

The dear little pansies are lifting their heads,
All purple and blue and gold;
They are cov'ring with beauty the garden beds,
And hiding from sight the dark mould.

The dear little pansies, they nod and they smile,
Their faces upturned to the sky;
"We are trying to make the world pretty and bright,"
They whisper to each passer-by.

Now all little children who try ev'ry day
Kind-hearted and loving to be,
Are helping the pansies to make the world bright
And beautiful, don't you see?

—*Ruth E. Wilson.*

ROSES.

Oh, the queen of all the roses it cannot be denied
Is the heavy crimson rose of velvet leaf;
There is such a gracious royalty about her vivid bloom,
That among all charming kindred she is chief.

Then the fainter-shaded roses, in their balmy damask pride,
Group like satellites about one central star,—
Royal princesses, of whom we can discover at a glance,
What aristocrats the dainty creatures are.

Then those tender, gauzy roses, clustered closely on their vines,
They are gentle maids of honor I am told;
But the pompous yellow roses, they are sneered at, it is said,
For so showing off the color of their gold.

And the roses that are powerless to boast of any tint,
Unsullied as the snow itself in hue,
They are pious nuns, I fancy, who perhaps may murmur prayers
Very softly upon rosaries of dew.

But the delicate pink roses that one meets in quiet lanes,
Gleaming pale upon a background of clear green,
Why, these are only peasant girls who never go to court,
But are loyal little subjects to the queen.

—*Edgar Fawcett.*

LEGEND OF THE NARCISSUS.

This lovely flower owes its origin to a beautiful youth named Narcissus. He always lived happy until one day, when heated by the chase, he stopped by a limpid mountain stream to quench his thirst; in doing so he beheld the reflection of his own image, with which he fell violently in love. He was spellbound to the spot, where he finally pined away and died, and was transformed into the flower which bears his name.

Upon the spot where he died,
A yellow flower was found,
With tufts of white about the button crowned!

—*Poetry of Flowerland.*

THE PRETTY PINK.

Who does not love this lovely flower?
Dainty pink, with feathered petals,
Tinted, curled, and deeply frayed;
With its calyx heart half broken,
On its leaves uplifted laid.

—*Poetry of Flowerland.*

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

The lilies by the door
Lift upward, sweet and pure,
Their delicate bells, and soon
In the calm blaze of noon,
By lowly window sills
Will laugh the daffodils.

—*Poetry of Flowerland.*

"If I were a flower, I'd hasten to bloom
And make myself beautiful all the day through
With drinking the sunshine, the wind, and the rain—
Oh, if I were a flower, that's what I d do."

SONG OF THE GRASS BLADES.

Peeping, peeping, here and there,
In lawns and meadows everywhere,
Coming up to find the spring,
And hear the robin redbreast sing.
Creeping under children's feet,
Glancing at the violets sweet;
Growing into tiny bowers,
For the dainty meadow flowers.
We are small, but think a minute
Of a world with no grass in it.

—*Selected.*

d. Plants from seeds.

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW.

First a seed so tiny,
Hidden from the sight;
Then two pretty leaflets
Struggling toward the light;
Soon a bud appearing
Turns into a flower,
Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower;
Growing sweeter, sweeter,
Every happy hour,
Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower.

—*Selected.*

SUNFLOWER.

Uplift, proud sunflower, to thy favorite orb,
That disk whereon his brightness seems to dwell;
And, as thou seem'st his radiance to absorb,
Proclaim thyself the garden's sentinel.

—*Barton, Poetry of Flowerland.*

NASTURTIUM.

On me such beauty summer pours
That I am covered o'er with flowers;
And when the frost is in the sky,
My stems are all so fresh and gay
That you might look at me and say,
"This plant can never die."

The butterfly all brown and gold,
To me hath often flown,
Here in my blossoms to behold
Wings lovely as his own.

—*Poetry of Flowerland.*

SWEET PEA.

Sweet Pea put on her prettiest hood
And climbed the garden wall,
'Twas a narrow ledge where the darling stood,
And I feared that she might fall.

But she danced with the butterfly,
Bowed to the bee,
And never even noticed me,
The pretty, pinky, saucy pea.

—*Youth's Companion, Poetry of Flowerland.*

MARIGOLD.

Marigold, with coat of velvet,
Streaked with gold and yellow lace,
With its love for summer sunshine,
Written on its honest face.

—*Poetry of Flowerland.*

POPPIES.

Poppies red and pink and white
In the garden beds;
Mixed with green you look so bright,
And how you dance and nod your heads.

—*Poetry of Flowerland.*

MOTTO OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

There is a pretty little flower
Of sky-blue tint and white,
That flitters in the sunshine,
And goes to sleep at night.
'Tis a token of "Remembrance,"
And a pretty name it's got;
Would you know it if I told you?
'Tis the sweet Forget-me-not.

—*Poetry of Flowerland.*

FOUR O'CLOCK.

Four o'clock with heart unfolding
When the loving sun had gone,
Streak and strain of running crimson
Like the light of early dawn.

—*Poetry of Flowerland.*

"Monarchs and nations have often had their symbolic flowers. The thistle is the emblem of Scotland, and the shamrock of Ireland. The fleur-de-lis is the badge of the royal house of France, and the amaranth that of Sweden. The rose is on the royal coat of arms of England."

"Among the Romans the lily and the oak were the emblems of power; the myrtle and the rose, of love; the olive and the violet, of learning; the ash, of war; and the grape leaf, of festivity."

A SEED.

A wonderful thing is a seed;
The one thing deathless forever—
Forever old and forever new,
Forever faithful and utterly true—
Fickle and faithless never.

Plant lilies, and lilies will bloom;
Plant roses, and roses will grow;
Plant hate, and hate to life will spring,
Plant love, and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.

—*Selected.*

e. Trees.

"I'LL HELP YOU AND YOU HELP ME."

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to its fellow leaves one day;
"The sun would wither me here alone,
Long enough ere the day is gone;
But I'll help you and you help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be!"

"Help one another," the dewdrop cried,
Seeing another drop close to its side;
"This warm south breeze would dry me away,
And I should be gone ere noon to-day;
But I'll help you and you help me,
And we'll make a brook and run to the sea."

—*Selected.*

A SENSIBLE FIR TREE.

Said a saucy little maple
To her cousin, Willow Tree·
"Miss Fir has no new mantle
This spring, like you and me.

"She wears the same old garment
That she's worn since I was born.
I should think she'd feel so shabby
With no new bonnet on."

As she tossed her head and nodded
At the Fir Tree's old style clothes,
Willow laughed—she couldn't help it—
At the turned up, pea green nose.

The Fir tree, staid and modest,
Answered Maple not a word,
Though I'm very sure—yes, certain—
Everything was overheard.

She only softly murmured,
As she rearranged her clothes,
"I'm glad my friends don't leave me
With every wind that blows."

—*A. F. Caldwell in Christian Nation.*

Race of the Trees and Flowers.

The trees and flowers seem running a race,
But none treads down the other;
And neither thinks it is his disgrace
To be later than his brother.
Yet the pear tree shouts to the lilac tree,
"Make haste for the spring is late;"
And the lilac tree whispers to the chestnut tree (because he is so great),
"Pray you, great sir, be quick, be quick,
For down below we are blooming thick."
Then the chestnut hears and comes out in bloom
White or pink to the tiptop boughs,
O, why not grow higher? there's plenty of room,
You beautiful tree, with the sky for your house.
Then like music they seem to burst out together
The little and big, with a beautiful burst;
They sweeten the wind, they paint the weather,
And no one remembers which was first.

—*The Forest Leaves.*

THE TREE.

The tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown.
"Shall I take them away?" said the frost sweeping down.
"No; leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung.
"Shall I take them away?" said the wind as he swung.
"No; leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow.
Said the child, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes; all thou canst see;
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the tree, as he bent down his laden boughs low.

—*Bjornstjerne Bjornsen.*

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning, and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

—*Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*

X. Song.—The Violet.

XI. Short Address.

PLANTING.

XII. Song.—Nature's Prayer.

LIKE GLAD BIRDS OF SPRINGTIME.

(INVOCATION.)

Not too slow. V.

mf

1. Like glad birds of Spring-time, Our prais - es we sing, To
2. God bless us we pray Thee, A young stu - dent band, In

cres.

God the great giv - er Of ev' - ry good thing, Till
truth and up - right - ness E'er help us to stand; And

earth with glad voi - ces Shall ech - o a - gain, From
bless then the la - bor, Our hands do to - day, 'Mid

cres. *slower and marked.*

wood - land and mead - ow, From moun - tain and plain.
birds, songs and flow - ers, Of bright sun - ny May.

WELCOME TO ARBOR DAY.

Words by E. F. STEARNS. Arr from GERMAN FOLKSONG.

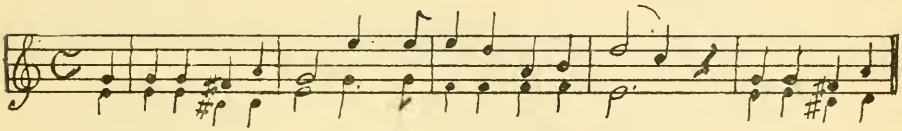
Cheerfully.

1. Welcome to Ar - bor Day! Glad-ly we sing, Na-ture from sleep a - wakes, Greeting to Spring! Blossoms with o - dors rare Make earth a gar-den fair; Sound we thy prais - es with notes loud and clear, Wel-come to Ar - bor Day! Bright words of cheer.

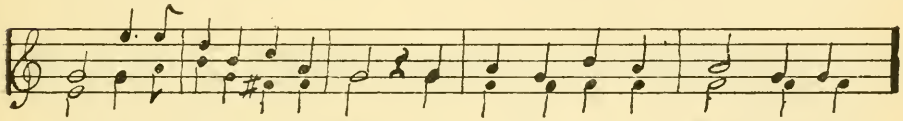
2. Welcome to Ar - bor Day! Come one and all, Join in our mer - ry glee, List to our call. Woods with their tri - bute ring, Birds cheerful off-'ring bring; Swelling the cho - rus in one gladsome song, Wel-come to Ar - bor Day! Ech - oes a - long.

WE GREET THEE, MERRY SPRING TIME.

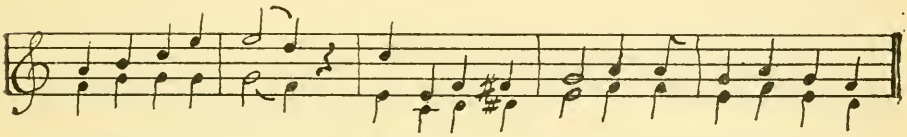
Allegro. Arr. George F. Wilson.



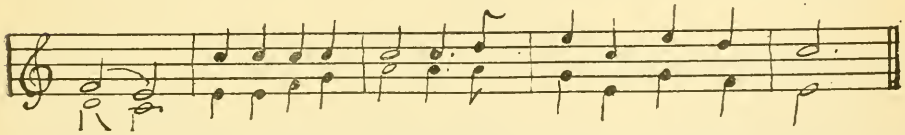
1 We greet thee, merry Spring Time, Who com'st with footsteps gay, Laughing tho' the
2 How bright the sunlight, beaming, From yon-der sky doth flow, Warmth and glory



meadows To deck the Queen of May. Be - neath the blos - soms springing, Their
streaming Up - on our world be - low! Its wreath of gold - en treas - ure Sets



fragrant petals rear; Welcome, mer - ry Spring Time, The glo - ry of the
all the world aglow; On - ly for our pleasure, Ten thousand blossoms

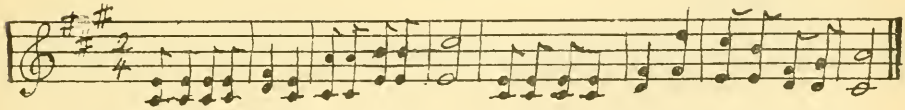


year, Welcome merry Spring Time, The glo - ry of the year.
blow, On - ly for our pleas - ure, Ten thousand blos- soms blow.

From "The Coda," No. 118, by Ginn & Co., Boston.

SPRING TIME.

M.

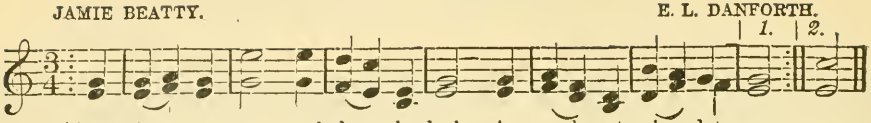


1. Spring is on the mountain, And upon the hill; Singing from the fountain, Comes the shining rill.
2. While the birds are mating On the sunny mead, And the earth is waiting, For the sprouting seed.
3. Life is like the seed time,—Ev'ry one must sow Seed of good or e - vil, As we onward go.

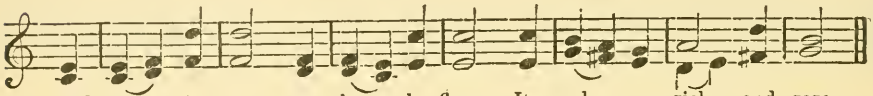
From "Song Prize."

THE VIOLET.

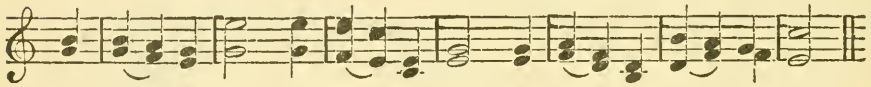
JAMIE BEATTY. E. L. DANFORTH.



1. Down in a green and sha dy bed A mod - est vio - let grew,
   Its stalk was bent, it hung its head, As if to hide from (Omit.) view;
2. It was a flower so fair, so frail, Yet not a per - son knew
   Where in its grass - y rest - ing-place, The hum - ble vio - let (Omit.) grew;



And yet it was a love - ly flower, Its col - or rich and rare;
But God a - lone, who gave it life, Looked down with ten - der care,

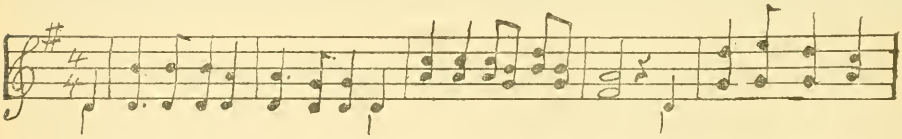


It might have grown in ro - sy bower, In - stead of hid - ing there.
To see that lit - tle flow - 'ret pure, So sweet - ly bloom-ing there.

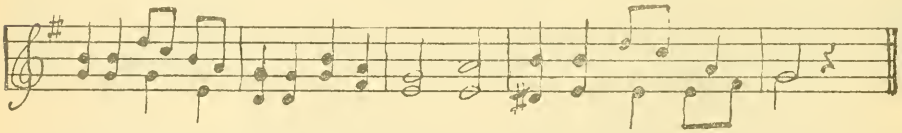
From "Song Wave," by courtesy of D. Appleton & Co., New York.

NATURE'S PRAYER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. German Air.



1. The harp at Nature's advent strung Has never ceased to play; The song the stars of
2. The mists above the morning rills Rise white as wings of prayer; The al - tar cur - tains
3. The blue sky is the temple's arch, Its transept earth and air, The mu - sic of its
4. So nature keeps the reverent frame, With which her years be - gan, And all her signs and



morning sung Has never died a - way, Has nev - er died a - way.
of the hills Are sunset's pur - ple air, Are sun - set's pur - ple air.
starry march The chorus of a prayer, The cho - rus of a prayer.
voices shame The prayerless heart of man, The prayerless heart of man.

From the Riverside Song Book.

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